

was with, I wrote asking a donation for a charitable cause. At the bottom of my letter I placed beneath my name a quotation of scripture thus, Numbers 6-24 to 26. About ten days after sending the letter I got a reply, which I here, on page 73, reproduce from memory.

Although there are thousands upon thousands of people in Montreal, this original envelope, with five dollars, and a kind letter therein reached me without any trouble.

No money could purchase this envelope from me. It is sacred to a departed friend, rich in good works. Have you ever noticed the scriptural reference mentioned.

Everything about a post office, postage stamps, letters etc., has always had an attraction for me.

I suppose it would hardly do for us to go back to our first love letters again. The following lines I have always thought "cute."

#### TALE OF A STAMP

I'm a stamp—  
A postage stamp—  
A two center.  
Don't want to brag  
But I was never  
Licked  
Except once ;  
By a gentleman, too ;  
He put me on  
To a good thing ;  
It was an envelope—  
Perfumed, pink square ;  
I've been stuck on  
That envelope  
Ever since ;  
He dropped us—  
The envelope and me—  
Through a slot in a dark box ;  
But we were rescued  
By a mail clerk,  
More's the pity  
He hit me an awful  
Smash with a hammer,  
It left my face  
Black and blue ;

Then I went on a long  
Journey  
Of two days ;  
And when we arrived—  
The pink envelope and me—  
We were presented  
To a perfect love  
Of a girl,  
With the stunningest pair  
Of blue eyes  
That ever blinked ;  
Say she's a dream !  
Well, she mutilated  
The pink envelope  
And tore one corner  
Of me off  
With a hairpin :  
Then she read what  
Was inside  
The pink envelope.  
I never saw a girl blush  
So beautifully !  
I would be stuck  
On her if I could.  
Well, she placed